

"THE LORD IS HERE"

BY

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IT is not easy to express in physical words a super-physical experience, especially when such experience deals with the higher regions of consciousness. Yet certain events of the night of the sixteenth of August, 1927, seem to me to be worth recording.

Inevitably, the main preoccupation of the lives of many of us is the thought of the Advent of the Lord, and among others I have been endeavouring to understand both the actual nature of the Advent and the terms of the Message. That Krishnaji was the selected vehicle for the Advent I was well aware. The statement presented no difficulty, for in earlier years I had known him, and I had heard much of him in later years. I soon gave up trying to understand the way in which the Lord would manifest through His chosen vehicle, for comprehension of this is utterly beyond my power—at all events as regards its mechanism. There remained the question of intermittent or continuous occupancy, and here I was confronted with a difficulty. Our President has been declaring that the Lord is here; that is to say, that He has practically taken continuous possession of one or more of the bodies of His servant. Now it was impossible for me to reconcile this statement, as I understood it, with my own knowledge of the Lord as He is in His own most glorious and marvellous Body. As He is in His fullness, He is *not* here.

I confess I was troubled. On the one hand, the utterances of Krishnaji, beautiful as many of them are, outstanding and significant as many of them are, fall short in no small measure of the utterances of the Lord spoken directly and not through another's lips. As I have the honour to know Him, His words are of supreme beauty, His thoughts are clothed in the most marvellous language, and He speaks as one of the greatest Masters of the world. My own words fail me to describe an audience of the Lord, how He is so magnificently all things to all men, so that none may retire from His Presence without a supreme inspiration to tread more effectively their pathway in life. I knew all that Krishnaji is to thousands;

yet even this fell short of the measure of the fullness of the stature of the Lord. The Lord is *not* here. The Lord is *not yet* here.

On the other hand, the circumference of the wisdom of our President includes my own and a far wider area besides. I am in the valley. She is on the mountain top. She does not speak without knowledge far, far greater than my own. In addition, she has had many opportunities of watching Krishnaji, and I have had none during the past few years. Furthermore, she represents in the outer world the Will of the Elder Brethren. Her considered utterance reflects Their Will and Their Wisdom.

These facts were the source of the trouble I felt, for while the President said: "The Lord is here," I felt in the depths of my being that He is not yet here. He must be here, yet . . . the President must be right. She always is. I might acquiesce with the lips, but the mind and the heart must deny the empty affirmation of the voice. Must I for the first time in my life stand apart from the President, true to my ignorance since I knew no better, false, perhaps, to the truth, but inevitably false, for I could be no other? What would this mean to my service of the Lord in the outer world? Could I remain in the Order of the Star with its new Invocation and with its Principles subject to obvious modification? A terrible outlook, yet one which I must face truly. I confess I was sad at heart, troubled because I could see no way out of what must be my ignorance, half feeling I was failing my leaders at a critical moment, impatient at the thought that while many would condemn my lack of vision, many might applaud what they would regard as my courage and common sense.

The President must be right, and yet. . . .

Returning from a short visit to India, I had the privilege of a few days stay at Huizen with the President and Bishop Wedgwood, and a conversation naturally turned on the problem engrossing my mind; for I keep nothing back from one who has been more than a mother to me for over a quarter of a century in this life. I told her all quite frankly, and, as ever, she was supremely understanding. She said at once that in His fullness the Lord could surely not be present in Krishnaji—the whole of that probably cosmic consciousness of the Lord could not dwell within a human vehicle not His own. As I knew the Lord, and such knowledge itself

could be but partial, He was not there. On the other hand, a fragment of the Lord's consciousness was in Krishnaji. All that the vehicle could contain was there, to the exclusion of the consciousness of Krishnamurti, or to the complete merging of this consciousness in the fragment of the consciousness of the Lord, which had taken up its dwelling in the bodies of the chosen disciple.

Having made a kind of groove of thought and judgment as regards the question of the complete presence of the Lord in Krishnaji, I had come to the conclusion that the occupancy would be intermittent and that our intuition would have to judge as to when Krishnamurti spoke and when the Lord. Yet the President spoke of the Lord's continuous Presence within the definite limitation stated above. I was deeply thankful that I might hold with her full accord that the Lord is not here in His fullness. Could I with my whole heart say: "The Lord is here," in the sense in which she uses the words?

Retiring into the higher realms of my own consciousness, I had to come to the conclusion that in His fullness He cannot be here; I had not contemplated the possibility of complete possession of Krishnaji less than fully.

Let me retire again, I said to myself, into these higher regions, and understand the truth in the light such regions shed. Soon there came to me that glow, which makes itself felt in the very physical body itself, of accord, no appeal from which has ever so far been needed. I knew the President was right, and I told her so. I hope the sentence does not sound presumptuous. It merely records the declaration of my own humble testimony to the witness she bears as to the fact of the Lord's Presence in our midst.

The matter settled in the higher realms, it remained to see that the lower realms conformed. I believe that the Higher Self can, and should upon due occasion, *force*—I use the word deliberately—the lower selves to fall into line with the Higher. We live too much at the mercy of the lower, too much in the lower, so that we become the slaves of the lower. Too rarely we examine, judge, criticize, the lower in the light of the higher. The mind and the emotions are too often supreme, when the intuition and even higher reaches of consciousness should ever be the rulers and masters. How little do we challenge our judgments and our feelings, not

realizing that we have at our command something nobler than either, something truer than either.

I made up my mind that my Higher Self should dragoon, tyrannize, compel, my lower selves to reflect accurately the wisdom of the Higher, standing no "nonsense" from them. Just as a broken limb unskilfully set may need to be broken again that the bones may be set straightly, so may sometimes a twisted mind or twisted emotions need to be broken by the spiritual surgery of the Higher Self, painful though the process may be. The lower consciousness must needs often be broken and set anew, so hard and set in ignorance does it become from time to time.

Accordingly, I, the real I, broke the forms of the lower mind, hide-bound and set as they were through ignorance; and I could say with my whole heart, as the President says with hers: "The Lord is here." I should perhaps add that the whole process of readjustment was aided by a supremely vital fact. As I have already written, in the outer world the President represents the Head of the Great Hierarchy of Elder Brethren. In the inner world, once an Elder has spoken the final word, complete unity of action follows, whatever may have been the differences of opinion heretofore. All co-operate with their whole hearts in the accomplishment of the plan as finally declared in the Elder's words. If we would see His will done on earth as it is so fully done in heaven, the law below must be as the law above. Our President has declared the plan and the way. Whole-heartedly and unflinchingly we must stand by her. And it is here that the matter enters of forcing the lower. Accord there must be in the Higher; but the accord may be lost in the separative worlds below. The accord shall not be lost. Hers the truth, mine the ignorance. The understanding of the lower may be sluggish. I will quicken the understanding. Let it not be: "I will try to understand." It shall be: "I understand." It is silly to say: "I cannot understand." There is nothing one cannot understand, if the determination to understand be utterly sincere.

The whole of the above is the essential background to all that followed during the night of the sixteenth of August, as we travelled from Amsterdam to Paris, *en route* for Cherbourg and New York.

I remember realizing that the condition of mind and

feelings through which I had been passing for some time was actually in the nature of a testing and a training. For my work it is not enough to believe, to accept, to take as a working hypothesis. Authority has its place, but from authority we must proceed to experience, not merely for personal growth but even more for the sake of service, for the sake of bearing witness to the truth before the world.

I must know for myself. I must also know how the world feels. I must experience the truth. I must also experience doubt, ignorance, rejection. I found that in my highest consciousness the truth was known to me. In the lower consciousness part of the truth was veiled from me, in some measure because of lack of experience and understanding, in some measure for the sake of understanding the doubts and difficulties which will come to many. I perceived that my own doubts and difficulties were allowed freer play in order that I might the better understand those of others. I might have succumbed to the test. The training might have been fruitless. There was this risk. The risk had to be run for the sake of the probable gain if all went well.

All this was revealed to me during this to me very memorable night, and I discovered that the brothers of the shadow were well alive to the possibilities of the situation from their own special point of view, though they had kept themselves so cleverly in the background that only now did I realize their hand in the proceedings.

So I had descended into these regions of the unreal, and had dwelt uncomfortably in them awhile—my own karma and the privilege of helping to bear the general karma of the world sharing in the duty of such descent. Now I had risen. My will had brought my lower consciousness to obedience and co-operation, and the fruition of this was a glorious vision this night of the way of the Lord in the outer world, of the significance of the Lord's occupancy of a human vehicle for His personal ministry among the human and sub-human kingdoms.

I do not know how to describe this vision, for it consisted in a flash of penetrating light, which revealed much and enabled me to understand in some measure the process of the Lord's manifestation. The essence of it all is that the Lord comes to speak a Word, that He reiterates that Word, that Note, and leaves to His servants now and to come the

duty of pouring His Word into the forms appropriate to its reception.

I was taken back 2000 years to His last ministry. I heard the same Word uttered, perhaps slightly differently, for to each Age the Word comes with the inflection the Word needs. Now an emphasis here, now an emphasis there: but ever the same Word, the Word of Life of the religions of the world.

I traced this Word through every circumstance of His ministry 2000 years ago, and listening to-day once again I hear the selfsame Word, uttered as He alone can speak it. Carried forward into the future, I saw the great spiritual *crescendo* of His ministry from the bud of the utterances of to-day to the beauteous flower of the consummation of His present ministry on earth. To-day He speaks of the Kingdom of Happiness. He will as time passes disclose to us the nature of true and perfect citizenship of that Kingdom.

It was then given to me to perceive in some measure the essential nature of the Lord's teaching—summed up in the words: "The Kingdom of Happiness is within you." Forms, outer things . . . yes. But without the Life these are as naught. Live as unto the Life and not as unto the form. The form can never be more than the servant of the Life. The Lord comes to bring Life to the world, not forms, though these have their function and value.

A picture was shown me of the Lord in a place of worship. I saw Him strip the place of worship of all appurtenances and symbols of worship, so that it became entirely bare. One after another the sacred objects disappeared, so that no forms, no ceremonies, were possible. The place of worship disappeared. The Lord Himself vanished. Naught was there but a vibrant Silence. And some gave up worshipping, saying there was no longer any approach to God. And others cried out against a blasphemy. A few continued to praise and glorify God in the Silence. I remember hearing the phrase: "The Holy Eucharist of the Silence," and I thought that perhaps some day in the Christian Church there will be celebrated a Holy Eucharist of the Silence, the tribute to the formless, in addition to the Holy Eucharist of the Body and Blood of the Lord—the approach to Him through form and ceremony. Was I troubled at the stripping of the place of worship? Surely not. Am I not myself a place of worship? Is not the world a place of worship? Is not every human

being, every animal, every tree, flower, blade of grass, every rock and stone a place of worship? Form is everywhere. Form is the mode of growth. But form is the means. The Life is the end.

This picture was the vision of the unessential nature of any particular form. Another picture was of a violent and ruthless despoilment of a place of worship—the sacred objects torn down and trampled under foot contemptuously by brothers of the shadow. "Where is your worship now?" they said tauntingly. "Worship if you can!" I went on worshipping, for though forms are valuable and make possible that which without them would not be possible, yet true worship is the slave of no form, for form is the servant of worship. And I saw how people must be taught that all forms, however beautiful, however potent, however inspiring and effective, must never be allowed to dominate the allegiance of mankind. The world must use form, but woe to it if it stop short at form.

I then perceived to some extent the way in which the Lord ministers when on earth. His time is necessarily short. By the very circumstance of limitation within a human body not His own, He cannot be down here, as He is elsewhere, all things to all men. He must needs be essential things to all men, relying on His immediate followers, on His servants, to apply the essential to the particular. Herein lies a great danger. Many will surround Him who are foolish and ignorant, and without the vital quality of understanding and compassion. Many will come to Him for what they can gain for themselves, and not for what they can give to others. Narrow and personal themselves, they will have no vision of the science of the Lord's Life on earth. When the Lord declares this or that to be unessential they will proclaim it to be useless and mischievous. When the Lord emphasizes the special value of this or that, they will declare all else to be valueless. So long as suits them the words of the Lord will be an authority it is blasphemous not to be able to understand, and beyond the pale of comradeship and forgiveness will be those who may be unable to interpret His words as they interpret them. It will be as if when Krishnaji says: "Let us go for a walk," everybody else, regardless of circumstances, must immediately go for a walk too, must walk in the same direction and in the same manner of walking as Krishnaji

himself. Yet what he says to us is: "Walk." "Walk as best you can, how you can, in what direction is most helpful, *but walk*." The Lord will give us the Life. He is already giving it to us. It is His supreme gift, and He gives it to us in its essential purity. It may be helpful, wise, to colour it. This can be done by us. May I say that He expects us to do this? His time is too precious to be taken up with many details. We must attend to these. We may colour the Life with ceremonial and ritual. We may colour it otherwise. But He exhorts us ever to remember that the colour is not the Life.

All this I seemed to perceive, entering into the spirit of the Lord's ministry. I saw how difficult was the position of those who, 2000 years ago, were unable to understand. I sympathized with them. I saw how difficult is the position of their successors to-day, of those who cling to colour as if it were the Life, when the Lord declares, as declare He must, that the colour is not the Life, is at best but a form, a receptacle, among myriad others. Is it not easier to reject than to accept, and will there not be many who, accepting to-day, will reject to-morrow—the fervour of rejection balancing the fervour of acceptance? Many, too, will there be who, rejecting to-day, will accept to-morrow. Peter denied thrice and wept bitterly. Yet did he not become the Rock upon which Christ's Church was built?

Let us acquire the habit of pondering over all these things, as did the Mother of the Lord 2000 years ago. Let us not jump hastily to conclusions, nor colour the Lord's utterance with our own personalities. Let us see clearly, turning all these things over in our minds, realizing that we are face to face with a marvellous mystery, holding fast to the great sheet-anchor that the Lord is all Love and Compassion, and that He brings us His Love in the form best suited to our helping.

In all that He says there is blessing for the world, for He brings Brotherhood to the world. He exhorts us to dig deep down into ourselves, away from outer differences to fundamental unity, away from separating forms to all-embracing Life. He tells us that no one can know Brotherhood who cannot realize that the myriad differences in the worlds of form move not even by a hair's breadth the Unity from its universality. Perchance He will say to the churches and sects: "Away with your churchism and sectarianism"; not that

churchism and sectarianism may not have their value, but lest they be thought ends when they are but means. He may say: "Away with your doctrines, your dogmas, your hard and fast opinions, your certainties"; not that all these have no place in growth, but lest we attach to them undue weight, lest we think ourselves superior to those who hold other doctrines, other dogmas, other opinions, other certainties, lest we tyrannize over them, lest we seek to build one exclusive road to God—our own.

If we would understand the Lord and truly follow Him we must receive the Life from Him and spread it not as a dogma, not as an authority, coloured inevitably by our own individualities, but as an inspiration. The ceremonialist must become more beautifully ceremonial because ceremonial is so much a means to an end. He who temperamentally has no attachment to ceremonial must learn to value ceremonial in that it is a means, and is of deep value to many. Ever the Lord says to us that the Truth is not this, is not that. Does He not thus speak to us that we may learn that the Truth is everywhere? The ignorant and the foolish will say that the Lord declares the Truth is *not* this, *not* that, and in their blindness will hasten to discard this and that, growing contemptuous of those who still believe. And all the time while the Lord has been saying that the Truth is not this and that, they will have failed to perceive that His message is that Truth is everywhere, and that we must learn how to find it everywhere.

Pour the Life He gives into the form-vessels among which you dwell, in which, perchance, you live. Some of these the Life will break in pieces. Be glad they are no more. The shape of some it will profoundly modify. Be thankful these are other than they were. And perhaps you will need new forms, forms different from those to which you have been accustomed. Rejoice that you have the power to fashion forms according to the needs of the Life.

Do not defend the forms you have *against* the Life. Do not reject the Life because you perceive it will break some forms, some cherished forms, to pieces. This many Hebrews did 2000 years ago. This will many do to-day. Be not among these in the darkness. Receive the Life gladly. Let it freely work its will in you. Let it change you, if it will, out of all recognition. Let it tear you up by the roots and plant you

anew, however agonizing the process. Let the Life revolutionize your life, for thus alone shall you find your life unto Life Eternal.

Much more could I write in elaboration of the flash of light which was my vision, but I have, I think, described its essential nature.

* * * *

At the end of it I found myself face to face with a brother of the shadow, one whom I have not seen before, though I have known many in the course of the performance of my duties. He looked sternly at me, and I looked at him as one looks at a foe who is yet a friend. His eyes conveyed a message to me: "The test is over. The training is done. You have succeeded, and added power must come to you. I know it well. Yet shall we meet again, for your pathway crosses mine. The final triumph has yet to come. Shall it be yours or mine? We whom you call of the shadow know you well. We know you have been appointed to help to guard the world against us. You have been fortunate, but the world is not safe from our power, and we fight on. We too have had our triumphs and may have them yet again."

Flashed back my answer to him: "Friend, fight if you must, but remember that I oppose you as much for your own sake as for the sake of the world. I seek to serve you not less than others, and you know that in my heart is changeless Brotherhood towards you. A triumph here, a triumph there, may come to you. But the final triumph is with us, and with you as you come home to us. In the Power of the Star do I fight. In the Power of the Star shall you return to us, for in the Strength of the Star I can do all things. Now can I bear fuller witness to the Lord, and I shall bring to Him many among whom I have dwelt awhile. I feel no sorrow for you at your defeat, for though you know it not, each such defeat brings you one step nearer to that victory which must be yours no less than ours. Farewell, my brother, till we meet again, when I pray I may be strong enough once more to serve you by defeating you."

